

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Couper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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MRS. WHITE'S ADDRESS AT GERMANTOWN.

At a meeting of the Women's Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the President, Mrs. Caroline E. White, made a powerful and feeling address, of which the following is an abstract:—

We have come to meet you, my friends, on this historical ground of Germantown, where once a battle was fought between Tyranny and Liberty, and where a blow was given to the power of the Tyrant, which, being followed up by other advantages was the means of securing for our beloved country, the inestimable privilege of freedom, the greatest and most perfect freedom which has ever been known in any region upon which the sun has shone. But we are told that "Peace hath its victories, as well as war," and it is of one of these victories that we are here to speak to you, and to ask you to assist us in gaining—the victory of Humanity, Intelligence and Sensibility over Cruelty, Innocence and Oppression. We are here to plead the cause of "our dumb animals," which, endowed by Almighty God with acute sensibilities, quick to feel and to suffer, have not the power to express those feelings, sufferings (except in an imperfect manner), and being thus deprived of the faculty of utterance, and unable to speak for themselves, are, in a special manner, it would seem, confided to our care by the same Almighty Power, and possess the strongest claims upon our tenderness and generosity. In this beautiful world of ours, where there is so much that is fair to contemplate, there are constantly to be met with

sad and sorrowful scenes, caused by the sufferings of animals, for they being of an inferior order of creation, and so much in the power of man, dependent as they are, upon his whims and caprices, must necessarily often be the victims of his violence and ill-treatment. This pleasant town is no exception to the general rule; there is much cruelty to be found here—more, I may say, than in most places of its size, for there is a great opportunity afforded, in the steep hills of Germantown, and in the brick-yards and quarries of the surrounding country, for brutality in various forms, for beating, overloading, using galled animals, and torturing them in various ways. Mrs. White next alluded to the need of an agent in Germantown, stating that enough had been contributed to maintain one for six months, and asked for the means to continue him through the year. She continued: There are, we consider, two important methods of checking cruelty, one is by the employment of agents whose duty it shall be to attend to all cases of horses and other animals, making arrests where the laws for their protection are violated; and the other is by humane education, or by teaching people how good it is, and how pleasing to God to be kind and merciful to the creatures he has made. If each of you who has not already subscribed will give us five dollars a year, or even less, the amount will soon be made up, and besides contributing to the support of an agent, you will become members of our Society, and all those who give five dollars will receive every month a copy of the paper published by the Massachusetts Society, entitled "Our Dumb Animals." You can all do this if you will think so. Deprive yourself if necessary of some little article of dress, or of attending some place of amusement, and believe me, you will experience a hundred times the gratification that temporary pleasure would have afforded you, in the reflection that by means of your self-denial and generosity, the sufferings of the poor animals upon which you are so dependent for comfort and happiness will be lessened, and that they will be protected and cared for as they have never been before. The necessity also of humane education can hardly be too forcibly impressed upon your minds. We are obliged now to make arrests when we see cases of excessive cruelty, but if we were only able to distribute our publications among the children of the rising generation and instil into their hearts feelings of tenderness and compassion towards dumb creatures, this necessity would be, in a great measure, obviated. The man who is allowed to continue, unchecked, a long career of brutality towards inferior creatures, generally becomes brutal towards his fellow beings,

and not unfrequently ends by becoming a murderer. We have seen several instances of this kind in the short time that has elapsed since the formation of our societies here. I have mentioned only a few of the methods by which we propose to impart a humane education to the youth in our midst. She then described the methods of the Massachusetts Society in offering prizes and adopting other plans for humane education.

Mrs. White, after detailing many cases of gross cruelty which had been brought under the notice of the Society, concluded by saying:—

"Pardon me if I address you with the narration of such barbarities. It is sad, I know, for you to hear them, but it is sadder still for the poor animals to have to endure them, and saddest of all if you who have had the benefit of a humane education, with all its refining and elevating influences, remain indifferent and unmoved when you know that such things are taking place around you. The responsibility to a greater or lesser extent rests upon us all, and we can only escape it by working according to the means that Almighty God has given us, either with our money, our time, or our speech, for these helpless ill-used servants of our race, 'our dumb animals.'"

Pliny E. Chase, Esq., Secretary of the Pennsylvania Society said:—

Many prominent citizens who own animals state that they do not ill-treat their horses, but then they employ servants who frequently neglect them. Others who employ their animals for hire, use them without consideration. There is a lower class of persons still, who, buy cheap horses, and underfeed them to save expenses, and enable them to purchase other victims. There is still another class who urge that the claims of humanity are paramount to those of animals, and that with all the charitable work that is done, there is always a wider field yet, and, therefore, say these objectors, I prefer to apply my charity in such way.

But the persons who look to the sufferings of animals are charitable and large-hearted in other directions.

Judge George M. Stroud and Coleman Sellers, Esq., President of Franklin Institute, also addressed the meeting.

The last speaker was William Kite, of Germantown, who said he had heard of a man who, called to repentance late in life, said he "was too old to be meddled with,"—and this remark induced him to call attention to a special point, which was that the children should be the starting point, and the ideas of humanity should be implanted in the public school.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON WOODCHUCKS.

HIS FIRST PLEA.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hold and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his brother Ezekiel, had set a trap, and at last succeeded in catching the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal and end at once all further trouble with him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him go. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.

"Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be judge, and you shall be the counsel to plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now, if suffered to go at large he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that, make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, and to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

"Now, Daniel, it's your turn, I'll hear what you've got to say."

It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and his large, brilliant black eyes rested upon the soft, timid expression of the animal and he saw it trembled with fear in its narrow prison-house; his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; He made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunshine, the pure air, the trees, fields and woods. God had not made him or anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any other living thing; he was not a destructive animal, like the wolf; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had plenty, and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he ate to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food on their mother's table. God furnished their own food; He gave them all they possessed, and would they not spare a little for a dumb creature who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple instincts he had received from the hands of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as dear to him as were their own, and the just judgment they might expect, if in selfish cruelty and cold-heartedness they took the life they could not restore again.

During the appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks. Every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had blessed him beyond the lot of common men. His pity was awakened by the eloquent words of compassion and the strong appeal for mercy, and forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case), and turning to his eldest son, dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed: "*Zeke, Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!*"—*Portfolio*.

THE PURITAN LADY'S BALLAD.

A LEGEND OF 1692.

Yes, 'tis a tale of the olden time:
I will rehearse it in homely rhyme.

Griff was a dog of Puritan breed,
Brave in fight and of visage grim;
He was no surly beast, indeed,
But life was a serious thing for him.
He was a dog well-famed for speed,
For strength of shoulder, and courage rare;
He was keen of scent and lithe of limb,
Clear-eyed, and his muzzle was clean and trim;
In the hunt he was ever wont to lead,
And into a wolf's den he would go;
'Twas in the olden time, you know,
When Puritan dogs must do and dare.

Deborah was a Puritan child,
But blithe as a wood-born fairy wild,
Brown were her eyes as the robin's wing,
And chestnut brown her waving hair;
Light was her step and free as air.
And the squirrels would stop in their mad career,
The zigzag fences and walls along,
And wonder and chatter, as she drew near.
There was not a bird that sings in spring,
But she knew its note like human speech;
And the harsher sounds of field and wood
By her were things well understood.
She trembled not at the cat-bird's screech,
Nor at the dusky whip-poor-will,
Nor the owl's long hoot in the evening still.
She was a glad some and fearless thing.
She knew each pasture and green hillside
Her father had won from the forest wild;
And the goodwife at home felt no alarm,
For Deborah ever was safe from harm.
Griff was 'ware of the passing team;
He barked at the innocent oxen brown.
Twice he had dragged her out of the stream,
Whose swollen current was bearing her down;
And once, 'twas whispered the good wives among
When they had wandered too far and long,
A hungry wolf he had kept at bay,
While little Deborah scampered away.

Ah, but the trouble! it was at hand,
Casting its shadow of grief and pain.
That was the time when over the land
Wisdom was naught, and counsel vain.

Said Goody Coleman, "I hate the beast;
He frightens my seven senses away.
Under my window, three times at least,
He has howled and howled at dawn of day;
'Tis a direful sign the grandames say.
Ever he growls with surliest tone
At me, when I enter the farm-house door;
But he fawns upon that red-skinned crone
Who goes to beg of the goodwife a store.
I am sick of his gazing, with round, bright eyes;
He is a witch, I know, in disguise!"

So Goody Coleman her fancies nursed,
And so it came to be understood
How, at the witch-revel in the wood,
Griff had gone, riding with might and main,
Striding a broomstick, amid the rest,
And whirling along with the crowd unblest.
He was a wizard, that was plain;
And Goody Coleman could do her worst.

And so one day to the farm-house door
Came riding the sheriff with his men—
The goodwife was spreading the evening meal;
Deborah sat at her spinning-wheel,

And Griff—he lay on the sanded floor,
Gazing on all with eager ken—
Well was the message known he bore,
But the goodwife argued o'er and o'er,
While Deborah stood aghast and pale,
Till the stern man's patience began to fail,
"Goodwife," he said, "it waxeth late;
Bethink you whither your words may tend,
Have you forgotten the direful end
Of Goody Baker of evil fate?
Not a king's shilling is worth the life
Of Goodman Allen's mother or wife.
What is the life of a dog," he cried,
"When we are fallen on days accursed?"
The goodwife trembled and turned aside,
And bade the crying child give o'er.
Deborah rose from the sanded floor,
Numb with a child's great grief and pain.
With dog in leash amid his men,
The sheriff went riding back again.
Goody Coleman had done her worst.

This was the end. I remember well—
My grandsire oft would linger o'er
His grandame's tales of the days of yore—
That Zekel, one of the sheriff's men,
Would often repeat what then befell,
Just as the sun went down that day,
How Griff walked down the farm-house lane,
Seeming his fate to comprehend,
Zekel ever was wont to say
That the witch-dog made a Christian end.

—*Christmas Locket.*

SINGULAR ESCAPE OF A HORSE.—A remarkable sight was witnessed Monday morning by the passengers on two trains of the Harlem Railroad. As the down train, due at Twenty-sixth Street at 11.30 A. M., was approaching the high stone bridge that spans the valley between One Hundred and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, and had entered upon the high-walled grade that leads to the bridge, a spirited young horse was discovered trotting unconcernedly on the track, ahead of the engine, going in the direction of the bridge. At this moment an upward-bound train approached, thus blocking the animal's retreat in either direction. The dilemma of the horse became strikingly apparent in his dilating nostrils and glaring eyes. Although advance and retreat were alike impossible, one alternative remained. Rearing his head with a toss of defiance at his advancing foes, the animal suddenly turned and plunged headlong from the bridge, falling a distance of nearly thirty feet. He alighted safely on his feet, and trotted off as if nothing unusual had happened.

NOT VOUCHERED FOR!—A gentleman in Savin Hill Mass., has recently imported from Europe a selection of poultry noted not only for their serviceable and game qualities, but also for their remarkable intelligence. At the sound of a bell they skip up a ladder, and, while awaiting their meal on the second floor, preserve the utmost decorum, standing in file, awaiting further orders. The meal being placed before them one at a time, is considered inviolate until all are served, and even then they remain abstinent until a second sound of the bell gives the signal. During the meal there is no interference with each other's portion; the utmost propriety is observed, and, as each finishes his repast, he stands quietly awaiting the bell which announces that the meal is over, when, in military style, the fowls proceed in single file down the ladder to disport themselves as they please.—*Exchange.*

VERY suitable birthday presents are the books on animals published by Partridge & Co, London, who have kindly loaned us the plates used on our children's page.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

WHY LIZZIE LEFT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Little Lizzie, when about seven years old, first became a member of the Sunday school. She was greatly delighted with her teacher, and especially with the superintendent, who seemed quite fond of the children, talked with them very kindly, and taught them to sing many beautiful hymns.

Lizzie had a little kitten—a sprightly, playful, darling creature, with a pretty coat of shining black on its back, while its breast and paws and the tip of its tail were downy white. It was full of frolic and fun, and was very fond of its little mistress, as she was of it.

Now it happened, one Sunday morning in summer, that kitty took it into her head to accompany Miss Lizzie to Sunday school,—not knowing but that it was quite proper for her to go wherever her mistress went. Lizzie tried several times to send kitty home, but after running back a little way, the frolicsome creature would come scampering after her again, in spite of all she could do. When they arrived at the school-room, Lizzie was obliged to leave her frisky companion outside, though with many anxious fears lest the dear little creature should get lost.

The school had been opened but a few minutes, and the children were busily reciting their lessons, when in through the open door tripped the lively Miss Pussy, in search of her mistress. Of course, the children stared, and some laughed, and quite forgot their lessons, at the sight of the strange little visitor.

The superintendent, not liking this interruption to the school, and I suppose not thinking that the kitten belonged to any one present, quickly caught the intruder, and, taking her up not very gently by the neck, threw her out of the open window.

Ah! little did he think what pain this hasty act inflicted on one of the dear ones of his charge! Poor Lizzie thought little more of her lessons that day. She could not join in the sweet hymns that were sung. She had no desire to select a library-book, for which she had always before been so eager. She could think only of her darling kitty, and wonder whether it had been badly hurt by the fall and what had become of the poor thing. She cast many a bitter and, I fear, angry look at the superintendent, whom she had ever before regarded as one of the kindest and best of men, but who now seemed to her very cruel and wicked,—for she had been taught that all good people were kind to dumb animals as well as to each other.

As soon as the school was dismissed, she hastened out to find her darling. She looked all about the school-house, and the street, and the field, but no kitty was to be found. She enlisted other children to help in the search; but all in vain! Nevermore were her eyes to rest on the tiny, graceful form, the glossy fur, and the sprightly pranks of this innocent little playfellow.

With a heavy heart and tearful eyes, instead of her usual bounding step and happy face, she at last made her way homeward, to tell her parents the sorrowful tale.

"I shall never go to that Sunday school again!" she exclaimed, with a bitterness and positiveness unusual in one so young and so mild.

"Oh! do not say so," said her mother soothingly; "Mr. — probably did not know that it was your kitten, and he did not mean to hurt it."

"But he can't be a good man, or he would not have thrown my kitty out at the window so," she firmly persisted. The logic was conclusive to her young mind, and no amount of reasoning or persuasion could induce the tender-hearted child to overlook this act of cruelty, or again willingly to enter that Sunday school. Her parents, seeing that to compel her to go would outrage the better instincts of her nature, wisely refrained from such compulsion.

Had the good Mr. — been a little more thoughtful, and a little more gentle in his treatment of an innocent dumb creature—had he, before so summarily expelling the harmless intruder, taken the trouble to ask if it belonged to any child present, and then carefully have sent it home by its owner—he might not only have retained this pupil in his school, but have secured forever the affection and respect of a loving young heart.

WHOM SHALL WE THANK?

A little boy had sought the pump,
From which the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught,
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap—
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me!"
(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done:
But I am not the one to thank—
I only help the water run."
"Oh, then," the little fellow said,
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
Far up the hillside lives the Spring,
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank thee, Spring, then," said the boy—
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring in silvery accents said.

"Oh, don't thank me; for what am I
Without the dew or summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
"Pray don't thank us—without the sun,
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little man, pray don't thank me.
'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy—
It echoed back: "Not unto me,

"Not unto me, but unto Him,
Who formed the depths in which I lie—
Go, give my thanks, my little boy,
To Him who doth thy wants supply."
The boy then took his cap and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued:
"Oh, God, I thank thee for the gift—
Thou art the Giver of all good."

Campton, Iowa.

FLORENCE A. NORRIS.

—Young Pilgrim.

THE HORSE THAT WENT HOME—A young gentleman named Keene has been for some time a resident near Malton, and from Mr Rutter, of Hesse farm, he bought a hunting mare, which, on leaving Malton, he recently took with him to Whitby. On Wednesday the mare was missing from the field, and a search was instituted to no purpose. On Thursday the search was renewed, Mr Keene and his groom going about ten miles on the Guisborough Moors, and then to Sleights, where they heard the mare had crossed the railway the previous morning. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high road homeward, and at Saltersgate six men had tried to stop her, without avail. At Pickering she jumped a load of sticks and the railway gates, and then found herself in her old hunting country, making across Ryedale for "home." In doing so she would have to cross two rivers and a railway. Mr Keene found her at home on Thursday night with one shoe thrown and rather lame, but otherwise no worse for her cross country gallop of nearly sixty miles done in one day, for her previous owner found her on the Wednesday night standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for the two previous years.—*London Times.*

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

CRUELTY IN MENAGERIES.

[The extract alluded to in the following article describes a terrible scene where Maccarte, a lion tamer, was attacked by one of his "pupils," terribly mangled and killed; notwithstanding the use of red-hot irons, guns and swords, in the effort to save him.—Ed.]

The enclosed extract sufficiently points out the cruelties which must constantly take place in every menagerie, and which ought to make any person of common humanity see that as an exhibition they are about as fit for the "amusement" of a civilized community as the old Roman gladiatorial arenas.

They are chiefly visited by the more intelligent classes for the entertainment of children. I know of no "unexceptionable form of amusement," as the show bills call them, more likely to teach indifference to the sufferings of animals, for even were no "beatings with red-hot irons and stabbings with forks," necessary to save their keepers' lives, and the beasts tamed by confinement only, let us consider the cruelty of shutting up large animals, especially in narrow cages. Think of all they suffer on being brought over sea in the holds of vessels, and to them the frightful process of being jolted from place to place in dark box cages. It is, in every detail, a barbarous mode of "amusement," and, as holiday entertainments for young people, ought to be classed among pigeon-matches, rat-pits, and other relics of the past, when our ancestors delighted in bear-baiting and cock-fighting. The impulse inherent in almost every boy to trap, cage and experiment on every living thing in field and forest needs no additional stimulus by seeing the same thing done on a grand scale and patronized as a "highly instructive exhibition."

All that is learned of the nature and structure of wild animals by young people can just as well be obtained by stuffed specimens. A. T. D.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE CHECK-REIN.

I was glad to see, in a recent number of your paper, an article on the use of the check-rein. It reminded me of a circumstance that recently came within my own knowledge.

Near to my house there is, in the highway, a short, but very steep hill, the grade of which cannot be less than five degrees. One day as I walked past it, a horse, attached to a heavy load of lumber, was about to attempt the ascent. In just an hour and a quarter I returned, and the horse with his load was still at the foot of the hill. His foolish and cruel driver had been trying all that time to compel the beast to draw the load to the top.

The horse was perfectly kind, and willing to try a thousand times; but he was so harnessed that he was wholly unable to perform his task. Observing the trouble, I looked to see if anything but want of strength was the cause of his failure, and saw that the check-rein was hooked up very tight. I proposed to the driver to loosen it. "It will make no difference," he replied. "Try it," said I, "and you will see."

But as he was a short man, the horse very tall, and the rein very tight, the driver could not unfasten it without my assistance. When it was unhooked, the noble beast lowered his head to a level with his breast, and on the first trial, and without stopping, drew his load to the top of the hill!

The driver thought he had learned something. Let others learn and do likewise. P. H. S.

GREENWOOD.

THERE is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, March, 1872.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting for the choice of Directors and other business, will be held at our rooms, 46 Washington St., on Tuesday, 26th inst., at 11 A. M.

PUBLIC MEETING.

Our society will hold a public meeting at Music Hall on Wednesday afternoon, 27th inst., at 2½ o'clock, when Governor Washburn will distribute the prizes offered by us to the Boston schools for the best compositions on kindness to animals. Other distinguished speakers will address the meeting. Eugene Thayer will preside at the organ. Admission free.

RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP.—As our annual memberships expire on the 19th of March, we are now sending out our invitations for the renewal of memberships, and trust before the annual meeting, to receive an almost unanimous response.

Every member is a power by his or her moral influence, by the publication of the names in our next paper, and by the material aid which the fee of membership affords.

MEMBERS' NAMES.—If any of our members or any others who have forwarded money for this purpose fail to find their names among the published list in our April paper, will they please advise us at once.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Active Life,	\$100 00
Associate Life,	50 00
Active Annual,	10 00
Associate Annual,	5 00
Children's Membership,	1 00

All members receive a copy of the paper.

THE INCREASED INTEREST in our work is very apparent since the fair all over the State. Nothing will collect a crowd sooner in our streets than an overloaded horse.

The drivers and owners of horses understand the reason of this and listen to and act upon the mildest suggestion, where a few years ago they would have not only continued the cruelty but heaped verbal abuse upon the head of the remonstrant.

This is partly the result of conversion and partly of conviction.

But this only presents the result in the case of open acts of cruelty in the street.

There is much yet to be done in matters that are less in the public eye but none the less cruel.

BLANKETING HORSES.—Half the people do not seem to realize that the chest of a horse needs covering quite as much as his back. They think it is only necessary, when they stop in the street, to throw an old ragged blanket or piece of carpet over his loins and leave the rest of his body exposed. It would be a poor overcoat for a man that only covered his back, and yet a horse has a chest and lungs as well as a human being. It is due to the horse, and is for the best interest of the owner, to provide a good blanket, covering chest, shoulders and back.

WHAT COUNTRY TOWNS SAY.

"It appears to me that the principal hindrance to the work in the country will be from a want of interest;—at least I have found it so here.

The people in this place acknowledge the importance of the views which your society seeks to promote, and the good which it has already accomplished, but argue that *its work belongs especially to the cities*,—that there is *very little cruelty, if any, in the country*,—and certainly only a few exceptional cases in ———."

OUR ANSWER.

The good lady who, in the innocence of her heart, wrote the above, doubtless sincerely believed that there is very little cruelty in country towns. We regret to say that the very worst cases we have are from the country. Within the last two months we have had, in these same country towns, one case of starving a horse to death, another of leaving swine without shelter until four were frozen to death, another of leaving calves so exposed that the ears of one were frozen off, another where three cows were so poorly fed that they died.

We might go on, but we name these to show that all the virtue does not find a home in country towns. It is a sad commentary in the proverbial expression "the honest and virtuous yeoman," when we say that, in proportion to the number of animals, there is more cruelty in the country than in the city. This arises partly from ignorance of the law, partly from heedlessness, and partly from a mistaken economy; some men seeming to forget that animals suffering from cold will eat much more than if well stabled, and that, if underfed or poorly fed in the winter, it takes half the summer to get them into good condition.

In this city, our officers and members are constantly on the alert for cases of abuse, and the offenders are constantly in fear of the law.

If we could have branch societies in country towns, the same spirit and practice would soon prevail, and the stigma now resting upon rural districts would be removed.

Let the friends of the cause, throughout the State, look around their own towns and see if there are any barns with cracks where the snow blows in upon the cattle, or where the offal is not removed for a month at a time, or where young cattle are left out of doors all winter. Let them see if there are galled and lame horses driven by their doors; if horses are left in the streets, hour after hour, without blankets; if calves are carried with their legs tied; if the butchers bleed calves for days before slaughtering them.

If they find that any or all these things are practised, let them ask why they do not report them to our agent, or if we have none there, why they do not suggest some one to fill the office, and why, if our agent is unfaithful or inactive, they do not complain to us and suggest a better one. We must depend on our friends to help us carry forward this movement, and we beg each one who reads this will feel that he or she is responsible in some measure, and ought at once to move in the matter. Six persons acting together in a town, would form a society, around which the growing interest in this subject would gather. But let no one wait for that, but act as an individual, till associated action can be inaugurated.

Friends in country towns! If you feel we have been too severe, please make an examination of your

barns, cattle yards, stock and horses, and slaughter-houses, and if you report that our charges are untrue, we will write a special article exempting each town named from the above imputations, and point to it as an example worthy to be followed.

OVERLOADING.—Teamsters seem often to forget that horses cannot draw as heavy a load when the streets are slippery or muddy as in "good going." They ought to consider that a ton weighs twenty-five hundred pounds at least at such times, and load accordingly. It is painful to witness the struggles of overloaded teams in the winter, and we must appeal to the mercy of owners and drivers to "think of these things."

OUR FRIENDS will not forget that their children can become members of our society on payment of one dollar, which also entitle them to receive the paper for the year.

How many children have scattered crumbs or seeds this winter for the birds?

WE fear under-feeding is practised to a great extent this winter and will be continued all the spring. Agents please investigate.

BLEEDING CALVES.—Recent information leads us to believe that bleeding calves is still practised in country towns and we fear our country agents do not warn the butchers to cease this practice. Will they attend to it at once.

TYING CALVES AND SHEEP'S LEGS must not be permitted by our agents. Notify parties that they must provide racks to carry them in or be prosecuted.

MEN AND WOMEN who devote their money to the relief of animals cannot expect expressions of gratitude from the favored ones, and this makes the generosity the more praiseworthy.

MARCH and April winds are productive of suffering to cattle left out unprotected or in barns where cracks are "wide enough to put your hand through." Agents please examine.

A FRIEND in Lancaster, N. H., writes of a case where a stubborn or tired ox, belonging to a drover, had lain down by the road-side and refused to move after persuasion and beating. A quart of cold water dashed into its face induced it to spring up and move on at once.

AMONG THE MOVEMENTS we have on hand, in addition to the school prizes, are the prize for an essay on transportation of stock; the petitions to the legislature to limit the number of passengers in horse cars, and to require better protection to stray animals in town pounds; and a petition to city government for stone drinking-troughs in streets. We have distributed hammers and hoods to all the police stations to contribute to humane horse-killing, and we are prepared to destroy animals by chloroform without suffering. Arrangements for the Animals' Home are nearly completed.

CONVENIENT FORM OF BEQUEST.—I hereby give and bequeath to the MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, incorporated 1865, the sum of ———, and the receipt of the treasurer of said society shall be a good and valid discharge to my executors.

OUR SCHOOL PRIZES.

To carry out our proposal to give prizes for the best composition on kindness to animals, the following circular has been sent to all the forty-three schools named below.

Boston, Feb. 22d, 1872.

The Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, invite the attention of the scholars of the public schools of Boston to the following votes and proposal:—

CITY OF BOSTON.

IN SCHOOL COMMITTEE, Feb. 13, 1872.

The President read a communication from the Directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, asking the consent of the Board to offer prizes in the various Grammar and High Schools, for compositions on "*Kindness to Animals*."

Voted, That the communication be referred, with full powers, to the Committee on Rules and Regulations.

Attest: BARNARD CAPEN, Secretary.

ROOMS OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE, CITY HALL, Feb. 20, 1872.

At a meeting of the Committee on Rules and Regulations, this day, the Committee having considered the subject of the communication from the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, referred to them by the School Committee, voted that the request of the petitioners be granted; and that the Superintendent be authorized to make a proper announcement of the matter to the Schools.

Attest: BARNARD CAPEN, Secretary.

In accordance with the above permission, we hereby offer a prize of FIVE DOLLARS to each of the Grammar Schools of Boston, for the best composition on "*Kindness to Animals*;" and a prize of TEN DOLLARS each to the Latin, English High, Girls' High and Normal, and the Roxbury and Dorchester High Schools, and a copy of "*Our Dumb Animals*" for one year, to each of the writers of the four next best compositions in each school on the same subject.

The compositions are to be delivered to the Principal of each school, on or before March 15, the award to be made by the District Committee; or, in case of their declination, by a committee selected by the Society.

The prizes will be announced and distributed at a public meeting of the Society to be held during the last week in March.

Documents illustrating the subject, may be obtained, free, at the office of the Society, 46 Washington Street, by scholars who propose to compete for the prizes.

Per order of the Directors,

FRANK B. FAY, Secretary.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, Feb. 24, 1872.

The Head Masters of the High Schools, and the Masters of the Grammar Schools, are hereby respectfully requested to make known to their pupils the above offer of prizes, and to cooperate with Mr. FAY, the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in carrying out the proposed plan.

JOHN D. PHILBRICK, Supt. of Schools.

Hundreds of children, and many of the teachers have applied for the documents, and there is every indication of an earnest competition for these prizes, and we trust an increased interest will be excited among both pupils and parents.

More than this, we hope the same thing will be done by other schools by interested friends in this and other States. It will be an active agent in the work of humane education.

LET our agents be watchful during the next three or four months in regard to bleeding calves.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]

PROGRAMME FOR TEACHING PROTECTIVE PRINCIPLES.

From the Report of the Meeting of the Paris Society, September, 1871.

M. Perin called the most serious attention of the Society to the necessity of drawing up a plan for Teaching Protective Principles in primary schools.

He stated, that in a circular dated August 30, 1868, M. Drury, Minister of Public Instruction, recommended that in imparting instruction in primary schools, about animals used either for agricultural or other purposes, the teacher should insist upon the protection which is due to them.

But who shall direct the instructor in this teaching, if he has not an exact programme? Here is a gap which it is our duty to fill as soon as possible. This plan of teaching protection to domestic animals, to birds, &c., placed in the hands of instructors, would lead their pupils to the just and healthy moral ideas which our society seeks to spread.

"I know," said M. Perin, "more than one honored teacher, who holds our opinions, who encourages them in his pupils; but all stops there. He does not give them methodical or special lessons for want of a programme to serve as a guide in the logical exposition of our general ideas, and in classifying different subjects, whether pertaining to domestic animals or to useful birds. We ought to take into account that teachers are accustomed to follow out the university programme, and we ought not to leave them to their own inspirations as heretofore."

"Let us prepare a programme of special protective studies, in which we can show them from what authors they should take subjects for reading and writing in their schools."

M. Perin adds that this programme of protective studies could be published in the magazine of the Society, also in the special papers of primary instruction in France.

The proposition of M. Perin was received by the Society with the most lively sympathy.

KILLING WALRUS.

The female walrus go into the Arctic seas in summer to bring forth and nurse their young, and it appears that during the last three or four years the North Pacific Whaling Fleet have been killing them for their oil and ivory,—that fifty thousand were thus killed in 1870.

The mothers are so devoted to their young that when attacked by the whalers they will seize them in their flippers and hold them to their breasts, and while their destroyers are thrusting their lances through and through them, and their blood is streaming from every side, they will utter the most piteous and heart-rending cries, and still cling to their young until death loosens their hold; and then their little ones must starve, unless the whalers can thrust their lances through and send them to the bottom.

The natives are almost entirely dependent upon the walrus for their food, clothing and dwellings, so that this destruction of old and young is reducing these inhabitants almost to starvation.

A petition has been sent to Congress asking its interference in the matter.

A FRIEND OF THE CAUSE, formerly a teacher, writes:—

"Your work is the work of education. I can never again merely "teach"—my work must be to develop natures, mental and spiritual. Through kindness and love always must this work be carried on. The example of the Great Master is before us. Through the mental let us always pour the light of the spiritual. Thus shall the nature grow harmoniously."

ONE should not be downcast at failures. They are often far better for the student than success. He who goes to school to his mistakes will always have a good schoolmaster, and will not be likely to become either idle or conceited.

NEW CATTLE CAR.

S. W. Remer, of Taunton, Mass., has invented a cattle car which is thus described:—

The car is thirty-six feet long, eight feet two inches wide (inside), is divided into four compartments eight feet eight inches long by eight feet two inches wide, having the capacity of carrying four animals in each compartment. The animals are secured in the compartments in a lateral position, which affords great relief from oscillation which is one of the primary if not the principal cause of the great shrinkage of cattle in transit, and also prevents them from injuring one another by trampling, &c., &c. Along the top of the car are three tanks, protected from the weather and flying cinders by a light weather boarding for the purpose of carrying water and food for the cattle; the weather boarding being hung on hinges to afford ventilation in inclement weather. The food and water are conveyed through pipes and troughs to each of the compartments, which have end and side doors so arranged that cattle can be taken out or in from either of the compartments without disturbing those in the others. At both ends of the car is a door opening into a gangway the whole length of the car, affording easy exit and entrance for the person having the stock in charge. In each of the compartments is a series of loopholes to furnish light and air in pleasant weather; these loopholes and the doors being fitted with slides to close in bad weather, while the ventilators in the top of the car heretofore mentioned can be opened, securing good ventilation without exposing the cattle to the weather.

The floor of the car has a rise of two and one-half inches, channelled and piped to drain off the offal, which is simply done by turning up the cock of the water-pipe and letting the water run on the floor and pass through the compartments carrying all the offal with it, and passing out through pipes leading from the bottom of each compartment, thus adding very materially to the sanitary condition of the stock. Under the centre of the body of the car is a box about 9 by 3 for the purpose of carrying a floor, which fits about half way up in each compartment, making a double floor for the purpose of carrying small stock, such as sheep, hogs, &c., which are also cared for in the same manner as the larger stock: this box is also made the receptacle of tools, pipes and troughs when not in use.

The dividing partitions when not used to secure stock are so hinged that they can be thrown up to the top of the car and secured, the pipes and troughs disconnected and placed in the tool box, all being the work of a few moments, and then the car is ready to receive freight, which can be placed in it in about half the time it takes to load an ordinary car on account of the ready access thereto, thus utilizing the car at both ends of the route. The old style of car after discharging its freight at its southern or eastern termini is usually sent back empty, no shipper or insurance company desiring to hazard goods in it.

THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF THE BUFFALO.

—E. W. Wynkoop, of Pottsville, Pa., writes as follows to Mr. Bergh, in relation to Col. Hazen's letter published in our last:—

In an experience of thirteen years on the plains, I had a good opportunity of observing the evil which General Hazen refers to, and in 1869 had an interview with the Hon. Charles Sumner, at his request, in regard to the same. * * * There is another strong reason, apart from cruelty, &c., which should compel Congress to take action; it is one of the greatest grievances the Indians have; and, to my personal knowledge, has frequently been their strongest incentive to declare war. "Little Robe," the Cheyenne chief, who recently visited Washington, at one time remarked to me after I had censured him for allowing his young men to kill a white man's ox: "Your people make a big talk, and sometimes make war, if an Indian kills a white man's ox, to keep his wife and children from starving; what do you think my people ought to say, and do, when they themselves see their cattle killed by your race, when they are not hungry?"

Children's Department.

The Newfoundland Ice-Breaker.

The following anecdote is from the pen of the Rev. J. C. Atkinson, a good and scientific naturalist:—

"Walking with a favorite Newfoundland dog of great size, one frosty day, I observed the animal's repeated disappointment on putting his head down with the intention to drink at sundry ice-covered pools. After one of these disappointments, I broke the ice with my foot, for my thirsty companion's behoof.

The next time it seemed good to the dog to try and drink, instead of waiting for me to break the ice as before, he set his own huge paw forcibly on the ice, and with a little effort, obtained water for himself. — From "Dogs and their Doings," published by S. W. Partridge & Co., London.

"The Judge's Pet."

An interesting book containing stories of a family and its dumb friends, written by a daughter of a late chief justice of Massachusetts, has been recently published by Hurd & Houghton.

We make the following extract from introduction and shall hereafter make other selections from it:—

Everything loved the judge. Grown-up people were sometimes a little afraid of him, because he was known to be so very good himself, and to expect every one else to be equally good; but the little children and the dumb animals loved him, without fearing him at all. If he made a visit at any house, the children made him their chief playfellow before they had known him two days, and seemed always to think his visits were intended especially for them. The smallest ones followed him about the house calling, "Dudgey, Dudgey;" and the older ones came to him for stories and help in their lessons. No dog or cat ever failed to know him for a friend at the first meeting, and his own pets had an affection for him which seemed beyond their natures. When he looked into one of the clean pig-sties, even the oldest and fattest pig grunted with lazy pleasure, and managed to waddle to the window to have his head scratched with a corn-cob. One of the pigs got loose one day, and was found in Deacon Sam's corn-field, eating immense quantities of corn and trampling down and spoiling a great deal more than he ate. Of course the Deacon's people began to drive him out; but the more they drove, the more piggy wouldn't go, and only ran round faster and trampled down the corn more than ever. At last the Deacon sent word to the judge who went at once to the scene of action and called, when the pig came quietly out and followed the well-known voice. All the people laughed, as well they might, to see the portly and dignified judge walking gravely up the village street with a fat pig following at his heels like a dog. The cows were special pets. The judge was a very busy person all through the week, but on Sunday he always visited

"ICE BREAKER."

his cows, and generally carried the baby in his arms, letting it pat and feed the gentle creatures who always surrounded him as soon as he entered the yard. So the children learned to love the cows before they were old enough to be afraid of them, or know that they could do harm with their big horns, if they tried.

When he was away from home, Old Maltie, the big cat, showed her loneliness in the plainest way, going mewing about and hunting for him in all his accustomed places.

If he was out of the house, when he came home again, she knew of his arrival as soon as she saw his carpet-bag or cloak, and never rested a moment till she had found him, and rubbed herself against his legs, purring a loud song of welcome.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

How I do wish that all the boys and girls who read this paper could see my dog "Major" and my cat "Jemmy," and observe the perfect friendship existing between them. They will eat from the same plate and sleep in the same bed and go together with me to drive up my cows. This friendship has lasted about three years, and I have never yet seen any signs of ill will or temper in either towards the other. I. H.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A True Story.

"White-breast" is a nice old cat, who has brought up a good many kittens in a very motherly way.

One of her kittens who grew to be a cat, was called "Grey," and had a little kitten of her own, named "Jack." As soon as his grandmother saw him, she loved him very much, and thinking, I suppose that her daughter was rather young and inexperienced, she began to help take care of him. Never was a kitten more tenderly watched and cared for than "Jack." He was scarcely alone a minute; for if his mother left him his grandmother was sure to be near; and when she went away, his mother would come back. So he was kept for several weeks in the barn loft until he was thought large enough to see a little more of the world, and then his grandma took him in her mouth, jumped down and brought him into the house. After this he came in every day, and as he grew heavy the cats took turns carrying him until they succeeded in getting him to the door.

The roof over the kitchen was quite long on one side and sloped down till it was only six feet from the ground. On the other side of the roof just above where the L was joined to the house, was a window; and near the window a dark closet. The cats often jumped upon the roof, walked up one side and down the other, and came in at the window. One morning "Grey" came up in this way, and seeing the door of the closet open, walked in and examined it, and then went to the barn. She soon returned however, bringing "Whitebreast" with her; and the two cats marched slowly up the roof side by side, came through the window, and entered the closet, purring and rubbing against each other.

All this they did again exactly as before, and returned to the barn. In a few minutes they came out, Whitebreast holding Jack in her mouth, and for the third time they jumped upon the roof, in at the window and laid Jack down at the closet door. Both cats stood over him, purring and smoothing his fur, and altogether, acting as if they thought they had accomplished a great feat. We who watched them thought so. They must have talked together in their own cat language, or they never could have acted together with such perfect understanding.

B. E. L.

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

THE STORY OF "GREYFRIARS BOBBY."

Eight and a half years ago, a man named Gray, of whom nothing is now known except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old Greyfriars Churchyard.

His grave, levelled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely discernible; but although no human interest would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten.

During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over his grave. James Brown, the old curator of the burial ground, remembers Grey's funeral; and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning, "Bobby," as the dog is called, was found lying on the new-made mound. This was an innovation which old James could not permit, for there was an order at the gate, stating in the most intelligible characters, that dogs were not admitted. "Bobby" was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was discharged. The third morning was cold and wet, and when the old man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him, and gave him some food. This recognition of his devotion gave "Bobby" the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's grave. Often in bad weather attempts have been made to keep him within doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed his own way. At almost any time during the day he may be seen in or about the churchyard; and no matter how rough the night may be, nothing can induce him to forsake the hallowed spot, whose identity, despite the irresistible obliteration, he has faithfully preserved. "Bobby" has many friends, and the tax-gatherers have by no means proved his enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed him by Sergeant Scott, of the engineers, but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Traill, of the restaurant, 6 Greyfriars Place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his mid-day visits by the sound of the time-gun.

Bobby has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his history. His constant appearance in the graveyard has caused many inquiries to be made regarding him, and efforts out of number have been made to get possession of him.—*Scotsman*, April 13, 1867.

A correspondent of the "Scottish American Journal" (Mrs. S.) thus continues the story, under date of Oct. 22, 1871:—

You see this notice of him was written four years ago, and "Bobby" is still living, and has not abated one jot of his devotion. Upon hearing of him I made a pilgrimage to the Old Greyfriars' to worship at the shrine of Bob, and sure enough, I found him there, and I assure you I did him reverence. He is a most sagacious-looking creature, and like all the truly great, is amiable, and allowed me to caress him very freely. "Bobby" has frequently sat for a picture, and in this shows how, under trying circumstances, he can possess his soul in patience, for his pictures are perfect, he has not moved a hair; and I think sitting for a picture a very trying circumstance.

He is growing old and feeble, and from exposure has contracted rheumatism, so for the last three years has, with a wisdom parallel with the whole case, changed the order of things; that is, he sleeps within doors, and goes to the grave during the day. And so it happens that the poor unknown waif of humanity becomes immortalized through the deathless affection of a dog; for that most philanthropic lady, Miss Burdett Coutts, proposes to raise a monument to Bob and his master. It is very wonderful if there is not more than brute instinct in all this, and if Bob is not as immortal as his master.

Our friend D. R., in the "New Bedford Standard,"

Feb. 8, gives the concluding chapters of this interesting story:—

Having read this wonderful case of canine affection, surpassing almost that of human beings, I wrote to Mr. Traill, whose name is herein mentioned, for a verification of the fact, and if true to obtain a picture of the faithful animal. The following is the letter I received in reply, reflecting as it does honor upon the kindness of heart of the writer in the attention and interest he has shown to "Bobby." It will, as well as the rest of the sketch, be read with interest by the friends of humanity, and awaken, I trust, a higher respect and interest where needed, for the claims of dumb creatures generally. One of the pictures which I received from Mr. Traill represents "Bobby" in a sitting posture—a front view; the other lying upon his master's grave.

6 GREYFRIARS PLACE, Jan. 9th, 1872.

Dear Sir:—I send on two cards of "Greyfriars Bobby," which I hope will arrive in America safely. It is a long journey, but the story of Bobby has travelled to all parts of the world. Poor old dog. He is very far gone now; besides being nearly blind and deaf, he is suffering from cancer in the mouth, and will not, I am afraid, live much longer; but he is still as anxious to be in the churchyard as ever. He was a famous ratter and a fine-looking dog some years ago, and many a one tried to have him follow them, but Bobby preferred remaining in the churchyard.

Yours very truly,

JOHN TRAILL.

Since preparing the foregoing I have received from Mr. Traill "The Scotsman," for Jan. 17th, 1872, containing the following:—

"GREYFRIARS BOBBY."—Many will be sorry to hear that the poor but interesting dog "Greyfriars Bobby," died on Sunday evening. Every kind attention was paid to him in his last days by his guardian, Mr. Traill, who has had him buried in a flower-plot near Greyfriars' church. His collar, a gift from Lord Provost Chambers, has been deposited in the office at the church gate. Mr. Brodie, has, we understand, successfully modelled the figure of "Greyfriars Bobby," which is to surmount the very handsome memorial to be erected by the munificence of the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

(One of the photographs named above may be seen at our office.—Ed. O. D. A.)

"DOOD NIGHT FOLKS."—There was a little girl in the cars whose sweet, smiling ways won all our hearts. Everybody had a kind word to say to her, and she had a kind word for everybody in return. We quite forgot the heat, the dust, the noise, and the cinders of the way in following her, both with our eyes and our heart, wishing for all the world that we had a bit of a darling just like her.

When evening came she fell asleep. On reaching the station where her parents stopped, her father caught her up suddenly, and, as we thought, roughly. Opening her wondering eyes, and finding herself leaving us, "Dood night, folks," she said, "Dood night, folks;" and the car-door slammed behind her; she vanished out of our sight. Not so the lovely picture which she left behind. I venture to say that every one of her travelling companions, some of them rude men, was the better and happier for her sweet courtesy and winning ways.—*Child's Paper*.

ROBBING BIRDS OF THEIR YOUNG.

"I have found out a gift for my fair;

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;

But let me that plunder forbear,

She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;

"For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,

Who could rob a poor bird of its young;

And I lov'd her the more when I heard

Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

SHENSTONE.

Stable and Farm.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CLIPPING QUESTION.
Correspondence of Salem Gazette.

SHAVED HORSES.—There have been sundry items in the papers of late, to prove that it is better for horses to be shaved, to be sent naked into a freezing atmosphere, sometimes below zero, without the warm coat, the protection given them by their Maker, who doeth all things well; who has made the fur and hair of animals to grow thicker in the coldest weather. This shaving of horses is merely a *libel* on God. It was instituted in the beginning by sportsmen and men of the turf to hide the effects of their cruelty in fast driving and racing; the horse with his coat of hair on, when overdriven, presents a spectacle demanding pity; but the shaved horse if his fat is almost melted in his body will not show it outwardly. The defenders of the shaving system are,—those who make money by the operation—those who clip horses, those who have interest in a machine invented to clip them—those who race and abuse them without detection, and—a few others who really believe that a horse isn't as liable to take cold when shaved. A learned professor has investigated this lately, and he says, that shaved horses are liable to, and have many diseases that other horses do not; perhaps in some instances they do not take cold, but—they acquire diseases more dangerous than a slight cold; and he adds further that the lives of shaved horses average three years. It is rather a contradiction of the theory of shaving horses, to see their drivers enveloped in fur robes and extra coats, and shrinking into their folds of a cold morning (they are not afraid of sweating) while their poor shaved horses, (deprived of the covering given for their protection by the One who knew best how to do his work), shiver unprotected in the piercing air.

Sportsmen, men of the turf and abusers of horse flesh generally, led the fashion, and many respectable people followed them unthinkingly.

Answer by another Correspondent.

Your correspondent of Friday last, evidently in earnest in his views of horse-clipping, cannot fail to see that other men, as humane and intelligent as himself, owners of very costly horses, which they can ill afford to ruin, entertain views precisely the opposite of his.

I will not encumber your columns with a recital of authorities of the very best standing, which your correspondent will be obliged to combat before he can convince the public of his somewhat extreme doctrines, but will come at once to the reason and sense of the matter.

If your correspondent has a heavy job to accomplish in cold weather, involving violent exercise and perspiration, he doesn't proceed to his work bundled up to the chin with heavy clothing, but he strips himself for his work, so that he may get as little heated as possible, and having accomplished it, then piles on the clothing. This is precisely the operation of clipping, and if the writer thinks that a valuable horse, when clipped, does not get about as much care as a nursing baby, he should look further into his subject before writing on it again. Persons who invest money by thousands in a single horse, do not subject that horse knowingly to a process which is likely to reduce his life to the term of three years. On the contrary, the almost unanimous testimony of thoughtful persons who use the process is that the horse feeds better, enjoys his work and airing more, lasts longer, and altogether maintains better "condition" than when loaded down with a wet blanket of hair while at work, and exposed to protracted chill while it is drying and he is resting.

At all events let us have this mooted question calmly discussed, and upon evidence.

It is not always in the most distinguished exploits that men's virtues or vices may be discerned; but frequently an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, distinguishes a person's real character more than fields of carnage or the greatest battles.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held in Philadelphia, January 16th.

The Secretary announced the election of the following gentlemen:—

President.—Alfred L. Elwyn, M. D. *Vice-Presidents.*—W. A. Porter, J. B. Lippincott, George W. Childs, W. J. Horstmann, Alexander Brown. *Secretary.*—Pliny E. Chase. *Treasurer.*—Robert R. Corson. *Counsellors.*—Gustavus Remak, Richard P. White. *Board of Managers.*—M. Richards Muckle, John Bohlen, J. F. Tobias, S. Brown Parker, Ather-ton Blight, Joshua P. Ash, E. Coppee Mitchell, Coleman Sellers, Robert C. Davis, John J. Thompson, J. Sergeant Price, Craig D. Richie, Samuel Parrish. The Secretary read the annual report of the Board of Managers, of which the following is an abstract:—

The report refers at starting to the fact that the inadequacy of their funds was painfully apparent, when the amount of work required to be done was so apparent. The Society was ready to employ more agents, as soon as their funds would permit them to do so, but they were entirely dependent upon annual contributions of their members.

They allude to the energy of their agents, and to the persistency of complainants in declining to appear before a magistrate for their testimony; the only evidence obtainable in nine-tenths of the cases being from their agents.

The Treasurer reports that during the year 1871 they had received from various sources, \$4,995.95; and expended during the same period, \$4,545.63.

The drafts upon the income of our Donation Fund, in consequence of the excess of our expenditures over the amounts received from our membership and fines, were \$679.91 in 1870, and \$755.69 in 1871. The slight increase during the past year has been occasioned in part by the difficulty of collections, and in part by the increase of labor in the interior of the State.

The report also alludes to the diminution of cases requiring legal intervention, and there appears to be a decided increase in the number of drivers, who tend more carefully to the wants of their horses in every respect.

The report then gives a detailed statement of the number and kind of offences against which complaint had been entered. These amounted during the year to 762, representing 926 cases of cruelty, and the following is the exhibit of the Society's action upon the complaints brought to its notice:—

Insufficient evidence, or want of legal remedy, 177; offenders not found, 28; exaggerated or malicious complaints, 29; warnings issued, 185; corrected on notice, 159; prosecutions, 184; convictions, 162; pending, 7; acquittals, 15.

The report also says that the President of the Society accepted the invitation of the Presidents of some of the roads during the past year to inspect their stables, and was highly gratified with his visits. An ample supply of excellent food, clean, well ventilated and commodious stalls, good bedding, and the regular attention of skilful practitioners, attested the thoughtfulness of the officers of the roads, and their desires that their stock should be well cared for. Although their precautions cannot insure the constant watchfulness and kindness of their subordinates, it doubtless has an influence in preventing acts of cruelty; and we have reason to believe that there is as little ground of complaint on account of the abuse of car horses in our city as in any other.

Allusion is also made, therein, to the relation of street-paving to the shoeing of horses. It refers to those kinds which occasion most suffering to animals, and to those which it considers most suitable to give comfort, and permit the easiest travel to beasts of burden.

They speak of the laudable endeavors of the Citizens' Association to improve the condition of our streets, and those of the Fountain Society to furnish an abundant supply of water for the thirsty wayfarers, as well as for the weary brute. In consideration of the amount of cruelty that has been prevented by their watchfulness, we desire to make a grateful

acknowledgment of our obligations to their disinterested labors.

The following extract is taken from a report of a recent meeting of the Society:—

"The moral influence of the Society has been such as to prevent many acts of cruelty that have been heretofore persistently and thoughtlessly practised. The Express Company and the various railroads coming into our city issued orders forbidding their receiving animals tied by the legs, as had been the universal custom. The butchers have placed cribs on their wagons for hauling calves and sheep, and farmers and others are generally more humane in their treatment of dumb animals. This action has been the result of the agitation of the subject incident to the organization of the Society, and the frequent articles on the subject in our city press."

The difficulty of correcting inveterate practices is so great, that we regard the early formation of humane habits, by means of proper education, as of the utmost importance.

In January last it was resolved, That all donations which may be received during the year 1871, except such as may be otherwise specially directed by the donors or by the Board of Managers, be appropriated towards the formation of a Publication Fund.

In pursuance of the above resolution, they have set apart as a nucleus for a Publication Fund, the sum of \$809.58, being the amount of various contributions.

The report concludes as follows:—

"If the importance of our labors, in their connection with the public morals and public health, were properly appreciated, we think there would be a more general and cordial response to our appeals for help and coöperation. The practice of cruelty invariably and necessarily debases the man who is guilty of it, and the step from the cowardly abuse of an unoffending animal to the cowardly attack of the highwayman or the murderer, is so easy a one, that the importance of striking at the root of the evil, by checking the first manifestation of a vindictive spirit, cannot be too strongly urged. Even in so slight a matter as the preference for white veal, which has been deprived of a valuable portion of its nutriment and rendered still more unwholesome by the feverishness induced by repeated bleeding, a cruel practice may be thoughtlessly encouraged by those who would not willingly occasion a single needless pang to the humblest of God's creatures. Let our citizens insist upon wholesome meat, and the calves will no longer be bled again and again until they faint from exhaustion, merely to give their flesh a deadly pallor; cattle will no longer be slaughtered when their bodies are covered with bruises, and their systems are filled with fever from the jolting and confinement of long railroad transportation without food or water.

"Complaints are frequently sent to our office of cases of human suffering that require attention, and we have even been requested to use our influence for the suppression of capital punishment and solitary confinement. Our charter gives no power to take any official cognizance of such complaints and requests; but our agents and individual members have frequently extended relief in their private capacity, some of the cases being of considerable importance. Those who are able to feel for the suffering but uncomplaining brute, are sure to manifest the strongest sympathy for suffering humanity; and we confidently trust that the proper appreciation of this important fact will serve as an effectual appeal to the well-known benevolence of our fellow-citizens, for the means to extend and enlarge our great educational movement."

THE CUTTING OF THE EARS OF TERRIERS was said by sportsmen to be an improvement, that they could hear better! as if the One who made the ear, did not make everything perfect. This is now against the law, we are glad to say, although some are cruel enough to practise it. It originated in the keepers of rat pits, who found the dogs could fight longer with short ears; they led the fashion, and others followed it.—*Exchange.*

A BIRD DROVER.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

The first time I was in New Orleans I strolled down the street one day, and as I went on I observed a man before me who threw out first one hand and then the other, raising them both above his head sometimes, and bringing them down again as if he were going through a gymnastic exercise, of practising gestures out of a school speaker with pictures of boys in it, and dotted lines to show where their hands are to move. He was not walking straightforward, but went first to one side and then to the other; so that I thought he must be either drunk or crazy. When I came up with him, however, I found that he was perfectly sober, very far from crazy, and as busy as the most industrious person could wish. He was, in fact, a bird merchant, and he was driving two or three hundred canaries before him, just as people drive hogs or cattle, or anything else. They were not trained birds that have been taught tricks, like those they have in shows, but just ordinary canary birds, hopping along the ground in a drove like a flock of sheep. They seemed to know their master, and had been practised at this driving until they knew the meaning of every gesture he made, so that he could drive them wherever he pleased without fear of losing a single one; and whenever a customer wanted to see a particular bird, the man had no difficulty in picking it up out of the flock.

The whole thing was so odd that I talked with the man, and got permission to go to his shop, which was a queer place certainly. There were cages hanging all over the ceiling, and sitting everywhere that a cage could sit, and every cage was full of birds. Birds of every kind and color were there—some singing, some chattering, some screaming; and the place, I thought, was the noisiest one I ever saw. A great owl hopped about the floor, and an eagle sat on one of the tables, looking like a judge half-asleep. Two birds of paradise in a cage were smoothing their gaudy feathers, like ladies getting ready for a concert. Little birds of every color were crowded together in one cage, ready to be sent away to a bird dealer in another city. In the backyard the canaries—hundreds of them—were twittering, while peacocks and turkey gobblers strutted about among their little neighbors. The old man also kept some snakes in boxes, and one or two young alligators, together with monkeys, and weasels, and rabbits, and everything else that anybody could possibly make pets of, by the dozen.

I learned that the man raises all his canaries and many of his other birds, and buys the rest from sailors, who bring them from Mexico and South America. He has boys and girls wandering all over the city with little cages of birds for sale, and he drives the canaries himself, while his wife attends to the shop. He commenced driving canaries many years ago, and had a good deal of trouble teaching his first flock to obey. But birds and animals seem to learn from each other much more rapidly than from men; so whenever young canaries get large enough to be sold, the man puts them with his flock, and they do as the rest do without any other training. They are like boys and girls in doing as their comrades do, learning good things or bad things, according to the company they keep.

Hearth and Home.

REFINED homes are the end of civilization. The work of all races for thousands of years is presented by the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

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